

# Here af.

ter followeth a little  
booke, of Philipp  
Sparow, compi.  
led by Mayster  
Skelto Poete  
Laureate.



# ଶ୍ରୀ କିରଣ ପାତ୍ର

ଶ୍ରୀ କିରଣ ପାତ୍ର ୩୩  
ପ୍ରକାଶିତ ଦିନ ୧୯୫୮  
ପ୍ରକାଶକ ପରମାନନ୍ଦ  
ପ୍ରକାଶନ ପରମାନନ୍ଦ  
ପାତ୍ରଙ୍କ ପାତ୍ରଙ୍କ  
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ପ୍ରକାଶକ

**O** Late bo  
Who is there who

**X** Di le xi.

Dame Margery

**C** Saire my my

Wherefore and why why

**H** Oz y soule of Philip sparowe

That was late slayne at Carow

Among the Runnes blake

For that sweet soules sake

And for all sparowes soules

Set in our bede rolles

Pater noster qui

With an alle mart

And with the corner of a creed

The more shalbe your need.

**W** han I remembre agayne  
Who my philip was slayne  
Never halfe the payne  
Was betwene you t Wayne  
Pyramus and Thesbe  
As than befell to me

A. M.

J

I wept and I wailed  
The teares do wne wailed  
But nothyng it auayled  
To call Phyllyp agayne  
Whom Gyb our cat hath slayn  
Gyb I say out cat  
Worrowed her on that  
Whiche I loued best  
It cannot be exprest  
My sorow wfull hewynesse  
But all without redresse  
For within that stounde  
Halfe slumbryng in a sounde  
I fell do wne to the ground  
Unto Unneth I keit myne eyes  
Toward the cloudy skyes  
But whan Idyd beholde  
My sparow dead and colde  
No creature but that wolde  
Hauie re wed vpon me  
To beholde and se  
What hewynesse dyd me pange  
Where with my handes I wrange  
That

That my senobies cracked  
As though I had ben racked  
So payned and so strayned  
That no lyfe well nye remayned.  
¶ I syghed and I sobbed  
For that I was robbed  
Of my sparowes lyfe.  
O mayden, wydow and wypse  
Of what estate ye be  
Of hye or low degree.  
Great sorow than ye might ses  
And learie to weep at mee  
Suche paynes dyd me crete  
That myne harte dyd beate  
My vsage pale and dead  
Manne, and blewo as lead  
The panges of hateful deat  
Well nye had stopped my brest.

¶ Hau hau me  
That I am woe for thee  
Ad dum cum tribularer clamaui  
¶ god nochynge els craue I  
¶.iii. But

**B**ut philips soule to keep  
From the marees deep  
Of Acherontes well  
That is a cloud of hell  
And from the great Pluto  
The prince of endles Wo  
And from foule Alecto  
With vylage blacke and blo  
And from Medusa that mare  
That lyke a feende doth stare  
And from Hegeras edders  
From ruffling of philips fethers  
And from her fyzy sparklynges  
For burningyng of his winges  
And from the smokes lowre  
Of Proserpinas bowre  
And from the dennes darke  
Where Cerberus doth bark  
Whome Theseus dyd afry  
Whom Hercules dyd out tray  
As famous Poetes say  
For that hell hounde  
That lyeth in cheynes bounde  
With

With gasty heades three  
To Jupiter pray boce  
That Phylip preserued may be  
Amen say ye wryth mee.

**L**o Do mi nus  
Help now sweet Jesug  
Leuaus oculos meos in monces  
Wolde god I had zenophontz.

**O**n Socrates the byse  
To shew me their deuyse  
Moderatly to take  
This sorow that I make  
For Philip sparowes sake  
So feruently I shake  
I fele my body quake  
So vrgently I am brought  
Into carefull thought  
**E**Like andromach hectors wife  
Was wery of her lyfe  
Whan she had lost her soye  
Noble Hector of Troy  
In lyke maner also

Encreaseth my daddyling  
For my sparrowe is gone  
It was so pretay a foole  
It wolde sitt on a stoole  
And learned after my scoole  
For to kepe his cut  
Wytch Phillip keep poure cut  
It had a veluet cap  
And wolde sitt vpon my lap  
And seeke after small wormes  
and somtyme white bread cromes  
And many tymes and oft  
Betwene my brestes soft  
It wolde lye and rest  
It was propre and prest  
Somtyme he wolde gaspe  
Whan he saw a waspe  
A flye, or a gnat  
He woldefly at that  
And prytely he wolde pant  
Whan he saw an ant  
Lorde how he wolde run  
After the butterfly

Lorde

Lord how he wolde hop  
After the gressop  
And whan I sayd, phyp, phyp  
Than he wolde lepe and skip  
And take me by the lyp  
Alas it wyll me so  
That Phillip is gone me fro  
    *Si in i qui ta tes*  
    *Alas I was euyll at ease*  
    *De pro fun dis cla ma ui*  
Whan I saw my sparow dye.

**N**ow after my dome  
    *Dame Sulpicia at Rome*  
Whose name registred was  
For euer in tables of brasse  
Because that she did pas  
In poesy to endite  
And eloquently to write  
Though she wolde pretende  
My sparow to commende  
I crow she coulde nat amende  
Reportyng the vertues all

¶

Of my sparow roiall  
For it wolde come and go  
And fleso to and fro  
And on me it wolde lepe  
Whan I was a slepe  
And his fethers shake  
Where with he wolde make  
Me often for to wake  
And for to take him in  
Upon my naked skyn  
God wot we thought no syng  
What though he crept so low  
It was no hurie I trow  
He dyd no thyng perdee  
But sot vpon my knes  
Philip though he were nise  
Iu hym it was no vysc  
Phyllipp had leauue to go  
To pyke my lytle too  
Philip myght be bolde  
And doo what he wolde  
Philip wolde seeke and take  
All the fleas blake

that

That he coulde there espye  
Wych his wanton eye.

Cō pe rā

La soll fa fa

Cōfitebor tibi dñe i toto corde meo

Was I woldे ryde and go.

**A**Thousād myle of ground  
If any such might be foud  
It were worth an hundred pound  
Of Kynge Cresus Golde  
Or of Artalus the olde  
The ryche prynce of Pargame  
Who so lyst the story to se  
± Cadmi<sup>9</sup> that his sister sought  
And he shoulde be bought  
For golde and fee  
He shoulde ouer the sea  
To Wete, if he coulde bryngē  
Any of the of spryngē  
Or any of the bloud  
But whoso vnderstood  
Of Medeas arte

I wold I had a parte  
Of her crafty magike  
My sparow thā should be quicke  
With a charme or cwayne  
And play wyth me agayne  
But all this is in bayne  
Thus for to complayne  
I tooke my sampler ones  
Of purpose for the nones  
To sow with stytches of sylke  
My sparow white as milke  
That by representacyon  
Of hys Image and facyon  
To me it myght Importe  
Some pleasure and conforte  
For my solace and spoerte  
But whā I was sowig his heke  
Me thought mi sparow did speke  
And opened his pretynny byll  
Sayinge, mayde ye are in Wyll  
Agayne me for to kyll  
Ye prick me in the head  
With that my neidle waxed red

Me

We thought of Phillips bloud  
Mine here ryght vpstoode  
And was in such a fray  
My speche was taken away  
I knett downe that there was  
And sayd alas, alas  
How commeth this to pas  
My syngers dead and colde  
Coulde not my sampler holde  
My needle and thred  
I threw away for dred  
The best now that I may  
Is for his soule to pray.

**A** porta inferi  
Good lord haue mercy  
**A** Upon my sparowes soule  
written in my bede roule  
**A** Au di ui vo cem  
Japhet cam and Sem  
**A** Ma gni fi cat  
Shew me the ryght path  
**T**he hilles of armony  
**W**herfore þyrdes yet cry  
**D**f

Of your fathers boke  
That was some tyme a flote  
And now they lye and rote  
Let some poetes write  
Deucalyous floud it hylle

But as verely, as ye be,  
The naturall sonnes thre  
Of Noe the Patriarke  
That made that great arke  
Wherin he had apes and owles  
Beastes, byrdes, and foulles  
That yf ye can fynde  
Any of my sparowes kynde  
God sende the soule good rest  
I wolde haue yet a nest  
As pretay and as prest  
As my sparrowe was  
But my Sparowdyd pas  
All sparowes of the wood  
That were syns Noes flood  
Was never none so good  
Kyng Philipp of Macebowy  
Had no suche Philipp as I

No

¶ No syz hardely  
¶ That vēgeaunce yaske & cry  
By way of exclamacyon  
On all the wholē nacyon  
Of catte's wyldē and tame  
God send them sorow and shame  
That Cat specyally  
That slew so cruelly  
My lytle pretē sparow  
That I brought up at Larow  
¶ O cat of carlyshe kynde  
The feind was in thy mynde  
Whan thou my byrd vntwinde  
I wolde thou haddeſt ben blynde  
The leopardes sauage  
The lyons in theyr rage  
Myght catche þ in theyr pawes  
And gnaue the in their iawes  
These serpents of Lybany  
Myght stynge thee venemously  
The dragons with their tunges  
Myght poysen thy luer & lunges  
The mantycors of þ montaynes  
Myght

Myght feed them on thy braynes  
¶ Belanchates that hounde  
that plucked Acteon to the ground  
Gave him his mortall wounde  
Chaunged to a deere  
The stony dooth appere  
Was chaunged to an harte  
So thou soule cat, that thou art  
The selfe same hounde  
Myght thee confound  
That his owne lordes boke  
Myght byre a sondre thithrote  
¶ Of Inde the grevy grypes  
Myght teare out all thy eyrypes  
Of Arcady the beares  
Myght plucke away thine entres  
The wylde wolfe Lycaon  
Byre a sondre thy backe bone  
¶ Of Etna the brennyng hyll  
That day and night brenneth ther  
Set in thy tayle a blase  
That all the worlde may gafe  
And wonder vpon thee

From

From Occupan the great sea  
Unto the Iles of Orchadys  
From Tylberys fery  
To the playne of Salsbury  
So trayterously my byrde to kyll  
That never ought the euyl Wyll

Was never birde in cage  
More gentyll of corage  
In doyng his homage  
Unto hys souerayne  
Alas I say agayne  
Death hath departed vs twayne  
The false cat hath thee slayne  
Farewel Phillip a dew  
Our Lorde thy soule reskew  
Farewell without restore  
Farewell for euer more

And it were a Jew  
It wold make one rew  
To se my sorow new  
These vylanus false cattes  
Were made for myse and ratte  
And not for byrdes smale

B.f.

Alas

Alas my face wareth pale  
Tellyng this piteous tale  
How my birde so sayze  
That was wont to repayre  
And goe in at my spayre  
And crepe in at my goye  
Of my gounе before  
Flickeryng with his winges  
Alas my hert it stynges  
Remembryng pretynge thinges  
Alas myne hert it slety  
My Phillipes dolefull death  
Whan I remembre it  
How pretely it wolde syt  
Many times and oft  
Upon my finger aloft  
I played with him tittel tattel  
And fed him with my spattel  
With his byll betwene my lippes  
It was my pretynge Phillipes  
Many a pretynge kusse  
Had I of this swete musse  
And now the cause is thus

That

That he is slayne me fro  
To my great payne and wo

Of fortune, this the chaunce  
Standeth on variaunce  
Oft tyme after pleasaunce  
Trouble and greuaunce  
No man can be sure  
Alway to haue pleasure  
As well perceyue ye may  
How my dispoyt and play  
From me was taken awaie  
By Gybour cat sauage  
That in a furuous rage  
Laught Phillip by the head  
And slew him there starke dead.  
¶ Kyrcleyson    Xpe leyson  
Kyrye    leyson.

F Dr Philip Sparowes soule  
Set in our bede route  
Let vs now whisper  
A Pater noster  
¶ Lauda anima mea dominum.

W.H.    T.C.

To weep with me loke þy come  
All maner of byrds in your kynge  
See none be left behynde  
To morning looke that ye fast  
With dolorous songes funerall  
Some to sing, and some to say  
Some to weep and some to pray  
Euery byrde in his lay  
The Goldfinche, the Wagtaille  
The ianglyng Jay to rayle  
The flecked Pye to chatter  
Of thyg dolorous matter  
And Robyn red brest  
He shalbe the preest  
The Requiem masse to syng  
Softly warbelyng  
With helpe of the red sparrow  
And the chattering Swallow  
This hearse for to halow  
The Lark With his long toe  
The spinke & the Martynet also  
The shoueler with his brode bek  
The doterell that folysch pet

And

And also the mad coote  
With a balde face to toote  
The felde fare and the snyte  
The crowe and the kyte  
The Bauyn called rolfe  
His playne songe to solfe  
The partryche, the quayle  
The plouer With vs to wayle  
The woodhacke þ singeth churro  
Horsly as he had the murre  
The lusty chaūtyng nightyngale  
The Popyngay to tell her tale  
That toteth oft in a glasse  
Shal rede the Gospell at masse  
The mauys with her whistel  
Shall rede there the Pittell  
But with a large and a longe  
To kepe iust playne songe  
Our chauters shalbe þ Cuckoue  
The Culuer, the Stockedoule  
With puþyt the Lapwyng  
The versycles shall synge  
The Bitter with his bumpe

The Crane with his trumpe  
The swan of Menander  
The Goose and the Gant  
The Ducke and Drake  
Shall watche at this wake  
The Pecocke so proude  
Bycause his voyce is loude  
And hath a glouous tayle  
He shall synge the Craple  
The Owle that is so foule  
Must helpe vs to houle  
The Heron so gaunte  
And the cormoraunte  
With the fesaunte  
And the gaglyng gaunte  
And the churtissh chough  
The route and the kough  
The barnacle, the bussarde  
With the wylde mallarde  
The diuendop to sleep  
The water hen to weep  
The puffyn, and the tele  
Moneyn they shall dcle  
To poore folke at large

That shalbe theyz charge  
The semew, and the tytmosse  
The wodcocke with þ long nose  
The threstil with her warblyng  
The starlyng wyth her brabling  
The rooke, with the ospray  
That putteth fysshes to afraþ  
And the deinty curlew  
With the turtyl moste trew.

At this placebo  
We may not well for goe  
The countryng of the co  
The storke also  
That maketh his nest  
In chymneyes to rest  
Within those walles  
No broken galles  
May there abyde  
Of cokoldry syde  
Or els philosophy  
Maketh a great lye  
The Estrye that wll eat  
An horshoþ so great

In the stede of meat  
Such feruent heat  
His stomake so great  
He cannot well fy  
Nor syng tunably  
Yet at abrayde  
He hath well assayde  
To solfe aboue Ela  
Galorell fa fa  
Re quando  
Male cantando  
The best that we can  
To make him our Belman  
And let hym ryng the belles  
He can doo nothing els  
Chaunteclere our Locke  
Must tel what is of the clocke  
By the astrology  
That he hath naturally  
Conceyued and caught  
And was never taught  
By Albumazer  
The Alstromer

Nor by Ptholomy  
Prince of Astronomy  
Nor yet by Haly  
And yet he croweth dayly  
And nyghtly the tides  
That no man abides  
With partlot his hen  
Whom now and then  
He plucketh by the hed  
Whan he dothe her trede

The b[r]ide of Araby  
That potencyally  
May never dye  
and yet there is none  
But one alone  
A Phener it is  
This herse that must blys  
With armaticke gummes  
That cost great sumes  
The way of Thurification  
To make fumigacion  
Sweet of reslarye  
And redolent of appo

This

This corse for to sence  
With greate reuerence  
As Patryarke or Pope  
In a blacke cope  
Whyles he senseth  
He shall synge the verse  
Liberame  
In de la sol re  
Hostly bemoile  
For my sparowes soule  
Plinni sheweth all  
In his story natuall  
What he dothe finde  
Of this Phenix kinde  
Of whose incineracion  
There riseth a new creacyon  
Of the same facyon  
Without alteracion  
Sauing that olde age  
Is turned into corage  
Offresshe youth agayne  
This matter crew and playne  
Playne matter in deed

Who

Who so lyst to rede  
But for the Egle dothe slip  
Hyst in the skye  
He shalbe thy se deane  
The quere to demeane  
As prouost principall  
To teache them theyz ordinal  
Also the noble fawcon  
With the getfawcon  
The tarsell gentyll  
They shall morne soft and styl  
In theyz amysle of gray  
The sacre with them shal say  
Dirige for Phillippe's soule  
The Goshauke shall haue a roule  
The queresters to controule  
The lanners and marlyons  
Shal stād i their mourning, gounys  
The hobby and the musket  
The sensers and þ crosse shall set  
The kestrell in all this warke  
Shalbe holy water clarke

And

And now the darke cloudy night  
Thaseth away Phebus bright  
Taking his course toward y' West  
god sed my sparoes soule good rest  
**R**eQuiem eternam dona eis dñe.

fa fa fa my re re  
fa poz ta in fe ri  
fa fa fa my my

**C**redo videre bona domini.

I pray god phillip to heuē may sy

**D**omine exaudi oracionē meā.

To heuen he shall frō heuē he cam

**D**omi nus vo bis cum

Of all good prayers god send him

**O**ramus.

sum

**D**e cui p̄priū est miserere & pcere

On phillips soule haue pytie.

**H**er he was a pretē cocke  
And came of a gentil stocke  
And wrapt in a maydens smocke  
And cherisched full dayntely  
Tyll cruell fate made him to dye  
Alas

glas for bolefull desteny  
But where to shul I  
Lenger morne or crye  
To Jupiter I call  
Of heauen emperyal  
That philip may fly  
Aboue the starry sky  
To treade the pretyn wren  
That is our Laydies hen  
Amen, amen, amen

Yet one thyng is behinde  
That now commeth to mi mind  
In Epytaphie I wolde haue  
For Phillips graue  
But for I am a mayde  
Tymerous, halfe a frayde  
That neuer yet a sayde  
Of Elycones well  
Where the muses dwell  
Though I can rede and spell  
Recounte, reporte and tell  
Of the tales of Caunter bury  
Some sad stoyres, some mercy

Ag

As Palamon, and Arcel  
Duke Theseus, and partelet  
And of the wyfe of Bath  
They woxbeth muche scath  
Whan her tale is tolde  
Among hys wyes bolde  
How she contolde  
Her husbandes as she wolde  
And them to despyle  
In the homlyest wyse  
Bring other wyes in thought  
Thei'r husbandes to set at nought  
And though that redhaue I  
of Gawan and syz Guy  
And tel can a great peeces  
of the golden fleece  
How Jason it wan  
Lyke a valyaunt man  
Of Arturs rounde table  
With his knyghtes commendable  
And dame Gaynour his Queene  
Was somwhat wanton I Wene  
How syz Lauincelote de lake  
Wany

Many a spere brake  
For his ladyes sake  
Of Crystram and kyng Marke  
And all the whyle wakke  
Of bele I sold his Wyfe  
For whom was much stryfe  
Some say she was lyght  
And made her husband knyght  
Of the comyne hall  
That cockoldes men call  
And of sir Libius  
Named Disconius  
Of quater fylz Amund  
And how they were sommorde  
To Rome to Charlemayne,  
Upon a great Payne  
And how they rode eche one  
On Bayarde Mountalbon  
Men se him now and than  
In the forest Arden  
What though I can framme  
The stoyres by name

¶

Of Judas Machabeus  
And of Cesar Julius  
And of the loue betwene  
Paris and Vyene  
And of the duke of Hannibal  
What made the Romaynes all  
So dzedde and so quake  
How Scipion dyd awake  
The citie of Cartage  
Whiche by his unmercifull rage  
He bate downe to the ground  
And though I can expound  
Of Hector of Troye  
That was all theyr ioye  
Whom Achilles slew  
Wherfore all Troy dyd renew  
And of the loue so hote  
That made Troylus to dote  
Upon Fayre Cressyde  
And what they wrote and sayd  
And of their wanton willes  
Pandaret bare the bylles  
From one to the other

his

His maysters loue to further  
Somtyme a precious thyng  
An ouche or els a ryng  
From her to him agayn  
Somtyme a pretyp chayn  
Or a bracelet of her here  
Prayed Troylus for to were  
That token for her sake  
How hartely he did it take  
And muche therof did make  
And all that was in vayne  
For she dyd but fayne  
The stoyr telleth playne  
He coulde not obtayne  
Though his father were a king  
Yet there was a thyng  
That made the male to wryng  
She made him to sing  
The song of louers lay  
Musing night and day  
Mournyng all alone  
Comfort had he none  
For she was quite gone

E.i.

Thus

Thus in conclusyon  
She brought him in abusion  
In earnest and in game  
She was moche to blante  
Disparaged is her fame  
And blemysched is her name  
In maner half with shame  
Troylus also hath lost  
On her muche loue and cost  
And now must kys the post  
Pandara that went betwene  
Hath won no thyng I weene  
But lyght for somer greene  
Yet so i a speciall laud  
He is named Troyllus bauy  
Of that name he is sure  
Whyles the worlde shall dure  
Though I remembre the fable  
Of Penelope most stable  
To her husband mosste trew  
Yet longe tyme she ne knew  
Whether he were on lyue or ded  
Her wyt stood her in sted

That

That she was true and fust  
For any bodely lust.  
To Ulyss her make  
And neuer wolde him forsake.

Of Marcus Marcellus  
A prosses I could tell vs  
And of Anteocus  
And of Josephus  
De antiquitatibus  
And of Mardonius  
And of great assuerus  
And of Vesca his queene  
Whome he forsoke with teene  
And of Hester his other wyfe  
With whom he led a pleasant life  
Of king Alexander  
And of kyng Euander  
And of Porcena the great  
That made promayns to smart

Though I haue enrolde  
A thousand new and olde  
Of these historious tales  
To syll bougets and males

C. ff. Wyth

With bookeſ that I haue red  
yet I am no thing ſped  
And can but little ſkyl  
Of ouyd or Virgill  
Or of Plutharke  
Or Frauncis Petrarke  
Alcheus or Sapho  
Or ſuche other Poetes mo  
As Linus and Homerus  
Euphorion and Theocritus  
Anacreon an Arion  
Sophocles and Philemon  
Pindarus and Dimonides  
Philistion and Phozocides  
These Poetes of auncientie  
They are to diſſuse for me  
For as I to for haue ſayd  
I am but a yonge mayd  
And cannot in effect  
My ſtyle as yet direct  
With englyſh wordes elect  
Our naturall tonge is rude  
And hard to be enneide

With

With pullished termes lusty  
Our language is so rusty  
So cankered and so full  
Of frowardes and so dull  
That if I wolde apply  
To write ornately  
I wot not where to finde  
Termes to serue my mynde  
Gowers englyshe is olde  
And of no value is tolde  
His matter is worth golde  
And worthy to be enrolde

In Chauser I am sped  
His tales I haue red  
His mater is delectable  
Solacious and commendable  
His english well allowed  
So as it is enrowned  
For as it is employed  
There is no englysh voyde  
At those dayes much commeded  
And now me wolde haue ameded  
His english wher at they barke  
And

And mar all they warke  
Chaucer that famys clerke  
His termes were not darke  
But plesaunt,easy, and playne  
No woorde he wote in vayne

Also John Lydgate  
Writeth after an hyer rate  
It is diffuse to fynde  
The sentence of his misinde  
Yet writeth he in his kinde  
No man that can amende  
Those maters that he hath pende  
Yet some men finde a faute  
And say he writeth to haute.

Wherfore holde me excused  
If I haue not well perused  
Myne englysh halfe abused  
Though it be refusid  
In worth I shall it take  
And fewer wordes make  
But for my sparowes sake  
Yet as a woman may  
My wit I shall assay

An

In Epytapheto Wright  
In lacyne playne and lyght  
Wherof the Elegy  
foloweth by and by  
Ex flos volucrum formose halo  
Philippe sub isto  
Marmore iam recubas  
Qui mihi carus eras  
Semper erunt nudo  
Radiantia sydera celo  
Impressusq; meo  
Pectore semper eris  
Per me Laurigerum  
Britanum Skeltonida vaten  
Hec cecinisse licet  
Ficta sub imagine exta  
Luius etis volucris  
Prestauti corpore virgo  
Landida Raig erat  
Formosior ista Joanna est  
Docta cornua fuit  
Sed magis ista sapit  
Blen men souldent

Th

C4

**G**The commendacions

**B**EATI IMMACULATI IN VSA

O glo rio sa semi na  
Rowmire hole imaginacion  
And studious meditacion  
Is to take this commendacion  
In this consyderacion  
And vnder pacient tolleracyon  
Of that moste godly mayd  
That placebo hath sayd  
And for her sparow prayd  
In lamentable wyse

Now will I enterprise  
Thow in the grace divine  
Of the muses nine  
Her beauty to commend  
If Arethusa will send  
His influence to endite  
And with my pen to write  
If Apollo will promyse  
Melodiously it to dayse  
His tunable harpe stringes  
With armony that synges

De

¶ Of Princes and of kinges  
And of all placaunt thinges  
¶ Of lust and of delight  
Therow his godly might  
To whom be the laude a scrybed  
That my pen hath enbybed  
With the aureat droppes  
As verely my hope is  
¶ Of Thagus that golden flood  
That passeth al the earthly good  
And as that floud dothe pas  
All floudes that euer was  
With his golden sandes  
Who so that understandes  
Cosmography:and the stremes  
And þ floudes in straunge remes  
Right so she doth excede  
All other of whom we rede  
Whose fame by me shal sprede  
Into Perce and Mede  
From britons Albion  
To the towre of Babilon  
I trust it is no shame

¶ And

And no man wyl me blame  
Though I regester her name  
In the court of fame  
For this moste goodly floure  
This blossome of fresshe coloure  
To Jupiter me succour  
She floryssheth new and new  
In bewtie and vertew  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriosa semina

Retribue seruo tuo bluiffca me  
Labia mea laudabunt te

**B**ut enforfed am I  
Openly to askry  
And to make an out cry  
Agaynst odious envy  
That euer moze will ly  
And say cursedly  
With his lether ey  
And chekes dry  
With vysage wan  
As warr as tan  
His bones crake

Lem

Lene as a rake  
His gummies rusty  
Are full vnlysty  
His herte with all  
Bitter as gall  
His liver his longes  
With anger is wronge  
His serpentes tonge  
That many one hath stonge  
He frowneth euer  
He laugheth neuer  
Euen noz morow  
But other mens sozow  
Causest him to grin  
And reioyce therin.

No slepe can him catch  
But euer doth watche  
He is so bete  
With malice and frete  
With angre and yre  
His foule desyre  
Wyl suffre no sleep  
In his head to creep

His

His feule semblaunt  
All displeasaunt  
Whan other are glad  
Than is he sad  
Francike and mad  
His tounge never stylle  
For to say yll  
Writhing and wringing  
Biting and syngynge  
And thus this elf  
Consumeth himself  
Himself doth slo  
With payne and wo  
This fals enuy  
Sayth that I  
Use great folly  
For to endite  
And for to wiste  
And spende my time  
In prose and rime  
For to cypres  
The noblenes  
Of my maistres

That

That causeth me  
studious to be  
To make a relation  
Of her commendacion  
And there agayne  
Enuy doth complayne  
And hath disdayne  
But yet certayne  
I wil be playne  
And my stile dres  
To this prosses

Now Phesus meken  
To sharpe my pen  
And lede my fynt  
As him best list  
That I may say  
Honour alway  
Of woman kynde  
Crouth doth me binden  
And loyaltie  
Euer to be  
Their true bedell  
To write and tell

How

Howe women excel  
In noblenes  
As my maystres  
Of whom I chynk  
With pen and ynt  
For to compyle  
Some goodly style  
For this moste goodly floure  
This blossom of fresh coloure  
To Jupiter me succoure  
She flourissheth new and new  
In beautie and vertu  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriiosa femina  
Legem pone michi domine in  
viam iustificationum tuarum  
Quem admodum desiderat ceruus  
ad fontes aquarum.

**H**ow hal I reporte  
All the goodly sorte  
Of her fetures cleere  
That hath none earthly peare  
Her fauour of her face

Ennewed

Emmeted with all grace  
Confort, pleasure and solace  
Myne hert dothe so embrase  
And so hath rauyshed me  
Her to beholde and se  
That in wordes playne  
I cannot me refrayne  
To looke on her agayne  
Alas what shold I fayne  
It were a pleasaunt payne  
With her aye to remayne

Her eyen gray and stepe  
Causest myne hert lepe  
With her browes bent  
She may well represent  
Fayre Lucres as I weene  
Or els fayre Polexene  
Or els Calliope  
Or els Penelope  
For this moste goodly floure  
This blossome of fresche colour  
So Iu piter me succoure  
She florisheth new and new

In

In beauty and vertewe  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriosa femina  
Memor esto verbi cui seruo tuo  
Seruus tuus sum ego

**T**he Indy Saphyre blew  
Her baynes dothe enew  
The Orient perle so cleere  
The whitnesse of her leere  
The lusty ruby ruddes  
Resemble the Rose buddes  
Her lippes soft and mery  
Emblomed lyke the chery  
It were an heuenly blysse  
Her sugred mouth to kyss  
Her beauty to augmente  
Dame nature hath her lent  
A warte upon her cheke  
Who so lyst to seeke  
In her visage a skar  
That semith from a far  
Lyke to the radyant star  
All with fauour stet

So proprely it is set  
She is the violet  
The day sy delectable  
The columbyne commendable  
The ielofet amiable  
This mosse goodly floure  
This blossome of fleshe colour  
So Jupiter me succour  
She florys her new and new  
In beautie and vertew  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriosa femina  
**C**onitare fecisti ad seruus tuus dñs  
Et ex precordus sonat preconia.

**A**nd whan I perceyued  
Her warr and conceyued  
It cannot be denayd  
But it was well conuayd  
And set so womanly  
And nothing wantonly  
But ryght conueniently  
And full congiuently  
As nature coulde deuyse

In moste goodly wyse  
Who so lyst beholde  
It makech louers holde  
To her to sue for grace  
Her fauour to purchase  
The sker vpon her chyn  
Enhachedon het fayre skyn  
Whyter than the swan  
It wolde make any man  
To forget deadly syn  
Her fauour to wyn  
For this moste goodly froure  
This blossome of fresshe coloure  
So Jupiter me succoute  
She flourissheth new and new  
In beautie and verte bo  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriiosa femina  
Defecit in salutare tuis anima mea  
Quid petis filio, mater diuicillima  
**S**o stond make no dyn (ba ba  
for now I wyll begyn  
To haue in remembraunce

Hec

Her goodly dalyaunce  
And her goodly pastaunce  
So sad and so demure  
Behauing her so sute  
With wordes of pleasure  
She wold make to the lute,  
And any man conuert  
To geue her his whole hert  
She made me sore amased  
Upon her whan I gased  
We thought mine hert was craised  
My eyen were so dased  
For this moste goodly floure  
This blossom of freshe coloure  
So Jupiter me succour  
She florysheth new and new  
In beautie and vertebo  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriofa semina  
**C**Quomodo dilixi legem tuā dñā:  
Recedant vetera noua suncoia.

**A**nd to amende her tale  
Whan she lyst to auale

D. it.

AND

And with her syngers smale  
And handes soft as sylke  
Whyter than the mylke  
That are so quicklye wayned  
Where with my haide she stayned  
Lord how I was payned  
Unnech I me refrayned  
How she me had reclaymed  
And me to her retayned  
Embrasyng therwith all  
Her goodly myddle small  
With sydes longe and streite  
To tell you what concette  
I had than in a tryce  
The matter were to nyce  
And yet there was no vycce  
Nor yet no vyllany  
But only fantasie  
For this most goodly floure  
The blossome of fresh colour  
So Jupiter me succours  
She florisheth new and new  
In beaucie and vertew

Hac do

Hac claritate gemina  
O gloria sa femina  
Iniquos odio habet  
Non calumnientur me superbi.  
**B**ut whereto shold I note  
How often dyd I coote  
Upon her pretie foote  
It raysed myne hereroote  
To see her creade the grounde  
With heles short and rounde  
She is playnly expresse  
Egeria the goddesse  
And lyke to her ymage  
Importured with corage  
All louers pylgrymage  
There is no beste sauage  
Ne no cygre so wood  
But she wolde chaunge his mood  
Suche relucenc grace  
Is formed in her face  
For this moste goodly floute  
This blossome of freshe coloures.  
To Jupiter me succour

She flourisched new and new  
In beautie and vertew.  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriola semina  
Mirabilia testimonia tua. (Sic)  
Sicut nouelle platacōes i iuuētur  
**S**O goodly as she drestes  
So properly she prestes  
The bryght golden tresses  
Of her heare so fyne  
Lyke Phebus beames shyne  
Where to shold I disclose  
The garteryng of her hose  
It is for to suppose  
Howe that she can waere  
Gorgiously her gere  
Her freshe habylementes  
With other implemetes  
To serue for all ententes  
Lyke Dame flora queene  
Of lustye sonner grene  
For this molte goodly floure  
This blossome of freshe coloure

So Jupiter me succoure  
She stoysheth newandnewe  
In beaucie and vertew  
Hac elaritate gemina  
O gloriofa feinina.  
Clamaui i toto corde exaudi me  
Misera magna est super me.

**H**er kyrtell so goodly last  
And vnder that is brased  
Suche pleasures that I may  
Neither wryte nor say  
Yet though I wryte not with ymke  
No man can let me chinke  
For thought hath lybertie  
Thought is franke and free  
To chynke a mety thought  
It cost me lytle or nought  
Wolde god mine homely style  
Were pullyshed with the sytle  
Of Ciceros eloquence  
To prayse her excellencie  
for this moste goodly floure  
This blossome of freshhe coloure

Dixit.

Se

Ho Jupiter me succoure  
She floxsheth new and new  
In beaulte and vertew  
Hac claritate gemina  
O gloriouſo femina

Princes persecuti ſut me gratis  
Dib' coſideratig. Paradisus vo-  
luptatis. Hec virgo eſt dulcissima.

**M**y pen it is vnable  
My haunde it is vnlable  
My reaſon tude and dull  
To prayſe her at the full  
Goodly maistres Jane  
Sob're, demure Dyanē  
Jane this maistres hight  
The lode star of delygōt  
Dame Venus of all pleaſure  
The wel of wohly treaſure  
She doth excede and pasſe  
In prudence dame Pallas  
The moſte goodly floure  
This bloſſome of freſhe coloures  
Ho Jupiter me succoure

She

She florisheth new and new  
In beautie and vertew  
Hac claritate gemina.  
O gloriola femina.

**B**equiē eternā dona eis dñe  
To this psalme. Dñe probasti  
Shall sayle ouer the sea (me.  
With tibi domine commendamus.  
On pylgrimage to saint Jamys  
For shynipes, and for pranes  
And for stalking cranys  
And where my pen hach offended  
I pray you it may be amended  
By discrete consideracion  
Of your wyse reformacion  
I haue not offended I trust  
If it be sadly dyscuss  
It were no gentle guyse  
This creatyse to dispysse  
Because I haue written and sayd  
Honour of this fayre mayd  
Wherfore shold I be blamed  
That I Jane haue named

D.V. AND

And famously proclaimed  
She is worthy to bee enrolde  
With letters of golde.

¶ Car elle vault.

P Et me Laurigerum Britonum  
Skeltonida latem  
Laudibus eximis metico, hec  
remedica puella est  
Formosam poccini qua non formo-  
sior vlla est  
Formosam pocius, quam commen-  
daret Homerus  
Hic iuuat interdu regidos recreare  
labores  
Hec minus hoc titulo terfa minera-  
ua mea est.

¶ Bien que plaisir.

¶ Thus endeth þ booke of þhilip  
spatowé, and here foloweth an ad-  
dition made by maister Skelton.

The

**T**he gyse now adayes  
Of some sanglyng iayes  
Is to discommende  
That they cannot amende  
Though they wolde spende  
All the Wytes they haue  
What ayle them to depraue  
Phillip Sparowes graue  
His dirige: her commendacion  
Can be no derogacion  
But myrth and consolacion  
Made by protestacion  
No man to myscontent  
With Phillipes enterement  
Alas that goodly mayde  
Why shold she be afayde  
Why shold she take shame  
That her goodly name  
Honorable reported  
Should be set and sorted  
To be matriculate  
With ladyes of estate  
I coniure thee Phillip Sparowe  
By

By Hercules that hell did harow  
And with a venomous arow  
Slewē of the Epidaures  
One of the Centaures

Or onocentaurēs  
Or hypocentaurius  
By whose myght and maine  
An hart was slaine  
With hornes twayne  
Of glyttering golde  
And the appels of golde  
Of Hesperides withholde  
And with a dragon kepe  
That nuer moze slept  
By maryall strength  
He wan at lenght  
And slew Gerion  
With thre bodyes in one  
With mighty corage  
Auanted the rage  
Of a lyon sauage  
Of Dyomedes stable  
He brought out a table

Of coursers and counses  
With leapes and bounses

And with mighty luggynge  
Wrestlyng and tuggynge  
He plucked the bull  
By the horned skull  
And offred to Cornucopia  
And so futch per certer

Also by Ecates bower  
In Plutus gasty to bower  
By the vglye Eumenides  
That never haue rest nor ease

By the venomous serpent  
That in hell is never bren  
In Lerna the Grekes fen  
That was engendred then

By Lhemeras flames  
And all the deadly names  
Of infernall posty  
Where soules cry and rousy

By the stygiall flood  
And the streames wood  
Of Locitus botumles well

By

By the fetymen of hell  
Laron with his berde hore  
That roweth with a rude ore  
And with hys foze rod  
Gydeth his bote with a prop  
I coniure Phillip and call  
In the name of kyng Saul  
Primo regum expresse.  
He had the phisiconesse  
To wytche craft her to dresse.  
And by her abusyong  
And damnable illusions  
Of metueylous conclusyong  
And by her supersticions  
And wonderfull condicions  
She raysed vp in that stede  
Samuell that was dead.

But whether it were so  
He were, idem in numero  
The selfe same Samuell  
Howbe it to Saul dyd he tell  
The Philistines shold hym ascry  
And the next daye he shold dye

I wyl

I wyl my selfe dyscharge  
To letred men at large

But Phyllyp I coniute thee  
Now by these names three  
Diana in the woodes grene  
Luna that so bryght doth shyne  
Proserpina in hell  
That thou shortly tell  
And shewe nowe vnto me  
What the cause may be  
Of this perplexite

Infera Philippe Heroupe pulchra Johanna  
Incantat persist, cur nostri carminis illam  
Nunc pudet, est sors, minor est infamia vero.

Than suche as haue disdayned  
And of this worke complayned  
I pray god they be payned  
No worse than is contayned  
In verses two or three  
That folowe as ye may see  
Iuride cur ltuor volucris pia funera damnas  
Talia te rapiant, rapiant que fata vulucrent  
Et tamen inuidia mors tibi contenua,  
Inpryned at London in paules  
churche yerde by Robert Cop.

# Philip Sparoweg tombe.



